1389. d. 24.
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A SKETCH,

BY

OLD HUBERT.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

Whilſt the Honeſt Poor are

WANTING BREAD.

——The energy with which these words were delivered, excited my attention, and led me to seek for the person who had so feelingly uttered them.

After some search, I perceived, through the trees, a man about 70 years of age, and a young man, who appeared to be his son, sitting at the foot of a tree, a few paces distant. Distress and want were strongly displayed in each of their countenances; the young man held in his hand a tattered fragment of paper, which he appeared to be reading to his father. I was pleased to find they had not observed any one was near to them, and could not refuse to gratify my curiosity in ascertaining what had occasioned the heart felt exclamation I had heard. —"WHILST

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—" WHILST THE HONEST POOR ARE WANTING BREAD," repeated the old man—for it was he had spoken " —Well; read on William: our's is a cheap dinner and a " light one: I fear we are not the only sons of wretched- " ness who are obliged sometimes to stroll from their homes " to hide their sufferings from the tenderer part of their fa- " mily. The women and the young folks will have the more " to eat by our going without a dinner.—" No, my Father," said the young man, " I shall have the pleasure at least of " furnishing you with a sallad, which may for a little time " diminish the cravings of hunger."——He immediately arose, and, within five minutes, returned with both hands filled with dandelion. Tears of paternal affection and gratitude poured down the cheeks of the old man. " Come, my dear " Father, eat from my hands this poor and simple repaſt. " Could these hands but find employ, incesſantly should they " be engaged to procure you ease and comfort. Come, eat my " Father, and, meanwhile, I will endeavour to withdraw " your thoughts from our present state of diſtress, by continu- " ing to read to you this piece of a newspaper, which chance " has thrown in our way."—" Well, my dear fellow, I a- " gree to your proposal," replied the old man, " but first " partake of the feaſt your kind attention has provided for " me." William, after taking a few mouthfuls, took up the Paper, and began to read.

" *The Earl of M———— enjoys all the delights of œconomy, at the seat of his late Uncle. His Lordship, by his Uncle's death, obtained a considerable addition to the income which arose from his paternal estate, besides which, his Lordſhip poſſeſſes three sinecure places, to the amount of £10 000 per annum; her Ladyſhip a pension to a considerable amount, which, with the sinecure places of the Father, are to descend to the children. With this princely income, the family expences at ———— House seldom exceed £1000 per annum. Parsimony and hardness of heart are the characteriſtics of—*" " And this," exclaimed the old man, " WHILST THE HONEST POOR ARE WANTING BREAD!" —

———— William proceeded. —" *The observations of the Secretary of War, in his speech, at the beginning of the seſſions—that no one had yet felt any ill effects from the War, has given much um-*

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brage to a certain description of persons." ——"No wonder, no wonder," said the poor old man, "when we know THAT THE HONEST POOR ARE WANTING BREAD! — But go on, William."——

" *The considerate Member for*———*has been rudely censured by the common herd, for remarking, that it would be very hard to oblige a Gentleman to pay a guinea a year for perhaps twelve household servants, all of whom a decent regard to appearance would oblige to wear Hair-powder.*"———" Good God of Heaven, turn the heart of this poor deluded creature! How loſt to any regard for the ſufferings of humanity! But perhaps the poor vain Gentleman knew not THAT THOUSANDS OF THE HONEST POOR ARE WANTING BREAD!"

———" *The kennel, at*———, *is a convincing proof of his Grace's taſte in architecture; and the dogs are far ſuperior to all in this of the country. The expence of feeding them is inconceivably great.*"—" Good Heavens! William", ſaid the Father: " why, this poor Gentleman knows no more than the other, that there are THOUSANDS OF THE HONEST POOR WANTING BREAD! — But go on, William."

" *We are happy to learn the* PRINCESS *of* WALES *is in perfect health.*"—"Well, poor creature, I'm glad to hear that; but I interrupt you." ——— " *She was ſupported in her way to the chapel, in conſequence of the weight of her ornaments and jewels being ſo exceſſive.*"—" Aye, poor young Lady, ſhe has not been long enough in this country to know, that thouſands are ſinking, not under the weight of jewels, but of want and deſpair: ſhe knows not, that THOUSANDS IN THIS COUNTRY OF THE HONEST POOR ARE, AT THIS MOMENT, WANTING BREAD.

"That," ſays William, " indeed is a circumſtance which even her illuſtrious Conſort does not appear to be well apprised of. For liſten, my Father. *It is indeed true that his Majeſty, the Prince, and Mr. Pitt ſtand pledged for the ſtricteſt Obſervance of Oeconomy by his Royal Highneſs, notwithſtanding which the expences of the Prince has for the laſt ſeven years exceeded his liberal and princely eſtabliſhment, nearly a hundred thouſand Pounds every year: but the Dignity of the Prince muſt be ſupported.*"———" Ah! William! but by whom? Alas BY THOUSANDS OF THE HONEST POOR WHO ARE WANTING BREAD."

Among

Among other curious Items, in an account now under consideration, are £5000 borrowed from the Miſtress of a CONVENIENT HOUSE.— £20 000 for Champaigne to wash with.—£40 000 for leather Breeches.— and Boots at seven Guineas a pair! ! And all this, said the old man, WHILST THE HONEST POOR ARE WANTING BREAD.

William now proceeded to read several paragraphs, ſtating, "*that on such a day, the Miniſtry partook of a splendid dinner, at the house of* Mr. Dundas, *at Wimbledon, parting at a late hour;—that, on the succeeding day, they dined with the Duke of* Portland: *that they dine this day with* Mr Pitt, *and are invited to a grand entertainment to morrow, at the villa of Commiſſary.....—We can aſſure our Readers, that the luxurious splendour of the Court equalled, if not exceeded that of ancient Rome.— The Royal Family appeared to be highly delighted with the scene; his* Majesty, *in particular, was exceedingly cheerful*"—" Ah, William, said the old man, those wretches who lock up the money they receive from the Public in their ſtrong boxes, or place it in foreign banks or funds, and ſtill extort more from the ſtarving people, never let their pious and beneficent Monarch know, HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF HIS SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN SLAIN ON THE CONTINENT, NOR HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF THE HONEST POOR ARE WANTING BREAD. But let us return.—Alas! how cruel is our fate! With hands and with hearts fitted for any labour, yet no employmeut can we obtain; the pleasure, even of toil, is denied to us: but—so it is with THOUSANDS OF THE HONEST POOR, WHO ARE WANTING BREAD!

FINIS.